1345 m. 7
(28*)

The New Jeruſalem.

O Mother dear Jeruſalem,
when ſhall I come to thee;
When ſhall my ſorrows have an end
thy joys when ſhall I ſee?
O happy harbour of God's ſaints!
O ſweet and pleaſant ſoil!
In thee no ſorrow may be found,
no grief, no care, no toil.
In thee no ſickneſs is at all,
no hurt, nor any ſore;
There is no death, nor ugly ſight,
but life for evermore.
No dimmiſh clouds o'e rſhadow thee
no dim, nor darkſome night;
But every ſoul ſhines as the ſun,
for God himſelf gives light.
There luſt nor lucre cannot dwell;
there envy bears no ſway;
There is no hunger, thirſt, nor heat,
but pleaſure every way,
Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem,
would GOD I were in thee,
O that my ſorrows had an end,
thy joys that I might ſee,
No pains, no pangs, no griping grief,
no woful wight is there;
No ſigh, no ſob, no cry is heard,
no wil-a-way, nor fear.
Jeruſalem the city is
of God our king alone;
The Lamb of God, the light there-
ſits there upon his throne. (of
Ah God! that I Jeruſalem
with ſpeed may go behold,
For why the pleaſures there abound
with tongue cannot be told.
Thy turrets, and thy pinacles,
with carbuncles do ſhine!
With jaſper, pearls, and chryſolyte
ſurpaſſing pure and fine.
Thy houſes are of ivory,
thy windows chryſtal clear,
thy ſtreets are laid with beaten gold
where angels do appear.
thy walls are made of precious ſtones
thy bulwarks diamonds ſquare;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,
O God if I were there!
Within thy gates nothing can come
that is not paſſing clear;
No ſpider's web, no dirt, no duſt,
no filth may there appear.
Jehovah Lord, now come, I pray.
and end my grief and plaints;
Take me to thy Jeruſalem,
and place me with thy ſaints;
Who there are crown'd with glory,
and ſee God face to face: (great
They triumph all, and do rejoice,
moſt happy is their caſe.
But we who are in baniſhment
continually do moan;
we ſigh, we mourn, we ſob we weep
perpetually we groan.
Out ſweetneſs mixed is with gall,
our pleaſures are but pain;
Our joys are not worth looking on,
our ſorrows ſtill remain.
But there they live in ſuch delight,
ſuch pleaſure and ſuch play,
That unto them a thouſand years,
ſeems but as yeſterday.
O my ſweet home Jeruſalem,
thy joys when ſhall I ſee?
Thy king ſitting upon his throne,
and thy felicity.
Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
ſo wonderfully rare,
Are furniſh'd with all kinds of fruit,
moſt beautiful and fair.
Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
continually are green;
There grow ſuch ſweet and pleaſant
as no where elſe are ſeen. (flow'rs
There cinnamon and ſugar grows,
there nard and balm abound:
no tongue can tell no heart can think
what pleaſures there are found.
There nectar and ambroſia ſpring,
the muſk and civet ſweet;
There many a fine and dainty drug
is troden under feet. (ſant ſound,
Quite throught the ſtreet, with plea-
the flood of life doth flow
Upon the bank, on every ſide,
the tree of life doth grow
Theſe trees each moneth yield their
for evermore they ſpring; (fruit
And all the nations in the world,
to thee their honour bring.
Jeruſalem, God's dwelling-place,
full ſore I long to ſee;
O that my ſorrows had an end,
that I might dwell with thee.
there David ſtands with harp in hand
into the heavenly quire:
A thouſand times that man were bleſt
that might this muſic hear.
There Mary ſings Magnificat,
with tunes ſurpaſſing ſweet,
And all the virgins bear their part,
ſitting about her feet.
Te Deum doth St. Ambroſe ſing.
St. Auſtin doth the like:
Old Simeon and Zachary
have not their ſongs to ſeek.
There Magdalen hath left her moan
and chearfully doth ſing,
With all bleſt ſaints, whoſe harmony
through every ſtreet doth ring.
Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem,
thy joys ſain would I ſee:
come quickly Lord, and end my grief
and take me home to thee.
O plant thy name in my forehead,
and take me hence awey,
That I may dwell with thee in bliſs,
and ſing thy praiſes ay
Jeruſalem the happy throne,
Jehovah's throne on high;
O ſacred city, queen and wife
of Chriſt eternally.
O comely queen, with glory clad,
with honour and degree;
All fair thou art, exceeding bright,
no ſpot is found in thee.
I long to ſee Jeruſalem,
the comfort of us all;
For thou art ſweet and beautiful,
no ill can thee beſal.
In thee, Jeruſalem, I ſay,
no darkneſs dare appear;
No night, no ſhade, no winter ſoul,
no time doth alter there.
No candles need, no moon to ſhine,
no gliſtering ſtars to light,
For Chriſt the ſun of righteouſneſs
for ever ſhineth bright
A Lamb unſpotted, white and pure
to thee doth ſtand in lieu
Of light, ſo great the glory is
thy heavenly king to view.
He is the King of kings beſet
in midſt his ſervants right.
And they his happy houſhold all
do ſerve him; day and night,
There, there the quire of angels,
there the ſupernal ſort,
Of citizens, which hence are freed
from dangers deep, reſort,
There be the prudent prophets all,
th' apoſtles ſix, and ſix;
The glorious matyrrs, on a row.
and confeſſors betwixt.
there doth the crew of righteous men
and matrons all conſiſt?
Young men and maids, who here on
their pleaſures did reſiſt, (earth
the ſheep and lambs that hardly 'ſcapt
the ſnares of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
whereof no tongue can tell.
And though the glory of each one
doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
and common, as we ſee.
There love and charity doth reign,
and Chriſt as All in All,
Whom they moſt perfectly behold,
in glory ſpiritual.
They love. thy praiſe, they praiſe,
they Holy, Holy, cry; (they love,
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
but laud continually.
O happy thouſand times were I!
if after wretched days,
I might with liſtning ears conceive
theſe heavenly ſongs of praiſe
Which th' eternal King are ſung
by heavenly wights above,
By ſacred ſouls and angels ſweet,
to paiſe the God of Love.
Oh paſſing happy were my ſtate!
might I be worthy found;
To wait upon my God and King;
his praiſes there to ſound;
And to enjoy my Chriſt above,
his favour and his grace,
According to his promiſe made
which here I interlace.
O Father dear, ſaid he let them
whom thou haſt given of old;
To me, be there, where ſo I am,
my glory to behold,
Which I with thee, before the world
was laid in perfect ways,
Have had; from whence the bleſſed
of glory doth ariſe. (Son
Again, If any man will ſerve,
then let him follow me,
That where I am, be thou right ſure
there ſhall my ſervant be.
And ſtill, if any man loves me,
Him loves my Father dear;
Whom I do love, to him my ſelf
in glory ſhall appear.
Lord take away my miſery,
that then I may behold,
With thee in thy Jeruſalem
thy glory to behold.
And ſo in Zion ſee my king,
my love. my Lord, my all;
Whom now as in a glaſs I ſee,
then face to face I ſhall.
O bleſſed be the pure in heart,
their ſovereign they ſhall ſee!
O ye moſt happy heavenly wights,
which of God's houſhold be!
O Lord with ſpeed diſſolve my bonds
thoſe gins and ſfetters ſtrong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
of Kedar over long.
Yet once again, I pray thee, Lord,
to quite me from all ſtriſe;
That to thy hill I may attain,
and dwell there all my life.
With cherubim and ſeraphim,
and holy ſouls of men,
To ſing thy praiſe, O Lotd of hoſts,
for evermore Amen.

The Mourning Soul for

CHRIST

OR

Serious Conſideration upon the Death and Paſſion. of our bleſſed Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

To the Tune of, the Bride's Burial.

IN ſorrows deep, I wake and ſleep,
with grief my heart's oppreſt
With watry eyes like winter-ſkies,
bedews my mournful breaſt?
For when I ſee my love for me,
in flames of fire to burn,
My Lord my love, my God above,
and why ſhould I not mourn?

With feet and hands tranſix'd he
upon a fatal beam, (ſtands
Out of his ſide a wound moſt wide.
pours forth a bloody ſtream
A piercing crown his head pulls
his face quite wan did turn, (down
He for my ſake this pains did take,
and why ſhould I not mourn?

While in this pain he did remain,
his drink was mix'd with gall,
His corps lay bare, his cloathes they
like as by lot they fall? (ſharc
His foes about did laugh and flout,
and at his virtues ſpurn;
Thus was his breath put out by death
and why ſhould I not moutn?

The earth did quake, the rocks did
and rented all in ſunder; ſhake
The corps from graves and hollow
aroſe to ſee this wonder; (caves
The ſun ſo bright forſook his light,
and almoſt wan did turn,
Both heaven and earth admire his
and why ſhould I not mourn? (death

And when I ſee upon a tree,
his breathleſs body ly,
I grieve, I groan, I ſigh, I moan,
I pain, I faint, I die,
For me alone, his life being gone,
until he back return,
In endleſs grief, without relief,
I'll never ceaſe to mourn.

FINIS.